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each set in the midst of ornamental grounds. Tall, northern pines, smooth-leaved tulip trees, mingling with the trees and flowering plants of the East, gave to these places half the look of English country-seats. Cattle were grazing on the lawns—and, for an instant, the landscape would seem thoroughly familiar, but, at the next moment, all that was familiar vanished, as our boat passed within hail of an Arabian trading vessel that had just cast anchor in the stream. Some of the passengers were at prayer upon the deck. I thought I could distinguish Sinbad the Sailor among the crew. The little captain, with his long, white beard, might have been the Old Man of the Mountain.

Most of the fine buildings of the city stand in view from the river; the dome of Government House rises conspicuous over the rest—and across an open space the eye catches the tall, white spire of the new cathedral. The first sight of the city is more pleasing than that of most eastern towns. It looks fresher, more spacious and elegant, for the tall public buildings, and the rows of expensive dwellings hide the close compacted mass of native huts and poverty that lies behind. The river is lined with shipping of every sort, and so many boats are passing to and fro, and there is such a constant stir of busy life upon it, that it is like a crowded highway. Stone steps, or ghats, run along the banks, and on these gather what may be called the wharf population of Calcutta; beggars, fruit-sellers, pedlars of books, vociferous coolies and palkee-bearers, who take the place of cab-drivers, with their pertinacious importunities; passengers waiting to be ferried across the river, and boatmen eager to make a fare. Landing at one of the busiest of these ghats, I got into a palankeen, and was soon in the pleasant house of an old friend.

All day the streets were noisy with the din of the Doorga processions. Now and then an image of greater size, and decorated with more splendor than the others, would be brought from the house of some wealthy native, and, attended by numerous bramins, would pass along toward the river, accompanied by larger troops of votaries and idle followers. The whole population was in the streets, and even the disciples of the Prophet, half-Hindooized, joined in the general celebration. Toward evening, as the twilight set in, the scene in the wide streets that led down to and bordered the ghats, became wildly picturesque. Image after image was borne along, preceded and followed by torchbearers, the light from whose flaming torches fell on the glittering tinsel of the idol, on the dark forms of the excited and shouting procession, on the white-robed musicians; it glanced on the bright, clanging instruments, shone on the chobdars who marched guarding the Goddess in her progress with their silver sticks, flashed over the black pressing crowd, lighted up the flat roofs of the houses covered with spectators, and, leaving wide intervals of darkness, gleamed down on the river as the gaudy Goddess tumbled in. It was late in the night before the city became quiet.

Calcutta is, on the whole, rather an uninteresting city. It can lay claim to little beauty, and it excites little interest from any associations with history or romance.

It is essentially a modern, trading town. Its capture by the Lubahdar of Bengal, and the tragedy of the Black Hole, is the one great incident in its annals. The spot where the Black Hole stood is now an open space, and there is nothing to mark it but the memory of that horrible night, in which 120 Englishmen, out of the 146 who were taken in the fort, perished, side by side, by the most shocking of deaths. The narrative of that night's experience, as given by Mr. Holwell, one of the few survivors, is one of the most fearful stories ever written.

There is a larger society of English at Calcutta than in any other Eastern city—but, even here, the society is too small to possess the greatest charms, or to escape from the evils of dullness and narrowness of range. There are, indeed, many agreeable and cultivated individuals, and a stranger is welcomed with such ready and genial hospitality, that he receives a pleasant impression at first, and brings away delightful recollections of continual kindnesses. The houses are large and spacious, with every arrangement for coolness and comfort; they stand apart from each other, each in its little compound, protected by a high wall from the noise and dust of the street. They are often expensively furnished, but with little taste and less keeping. It is difficult to attach the feeling of home to one of these great houses—for even here, where the Anglo-Indian society is less shifting than in any other portions of India, they seem little more than permanent tents, to be occupied for a short time, and then left for a new and easily changed abode. The climate, the nature of the occupations of the English, the character of the natives, unite to prevent the having many of those things which make up the charm and *homeliness* of home with us. There are none of the winter passages of domestic life—no hearths and firesides. In the drawing-room is a piano, usually one of Broadwood's, often out of tune, and set upon glass supports that the ants may not get at it. There are no fine private libraries, for very few Anglo-Indians have leisure or taste for cultivating literature. On the tables, indeed, are the last new books of the lighter sort, fitted for reading in a perennial summer. In the midst of talk about promotions, and the troubles of housekeeping, and children, and the last overland news, and the small events of narrow local interest, one may sometimes hear of Longfellow's last poem as "very nice," or Mrs. Gaskell's last novel as "perfectly fascinating."

Late in the afternoon, when business and heat are over, and the sun is near setting, the Course, or Strand, which is the name given to a fine road that borders the river for the half mile between the city and Fort William, is crowded with the carriages of the English and of rich natives. It is a medley of equipages; from the neat, thoroughly English carriage, with fine horses, turbaned coachmen, and barelegged, liveried footmen—to the rattling, native-made, garry, drawn by a scrubby pony, and driven by an unclothed charioteer. On the green by the side of the Course, are pleasant parties on horseback. For an hour, until it has grown quite dark, it is an animated, entertaining, showy scene. Every moment there is a greeting among friends. Expensive

toilettes display themselves. Young officers ride by the side of carriages. Girls who have not lost their English bloom, smile as they pass quickly by. Ladies who have been shut up all day, lean back in their open carriages, with a listless air, and look as if the setting sun were carrying their thoughts and their hearts to the West. There are few little children on "the Course," they have been sent home to England. One never loses the idea of exile which hangs round the English in India.

With the growing darkness the mist rises from the river, the fireflies shine in myriads through the peepul trees that border the stream. The natives are finishing their evening ablutions, and returning home with vessels of the sacred water. The Course is deserted—and in an hour or two the jackals may be seen prowling along it into the city.

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NO. VII.

THE morning dawned with an east wind, and a slight fall of rain upon our faces awoke us. The Judge, Sandy, and Sechio, rode back on our trail some miles, to visit some land located in the vicinity to which the judge held a claim. It was expected that I should have a good supply of fish for dinner against their return. In the clear, blue waters of the river, I could see fine fish, but they would not take the hook.

I remembered that the day before I had followed the report of a couple of guns to a lagoon, some distance from the camp, and found Sandy and Sechio had fired upon a snake bird (*Plotus*), and were watching on the bank to see the dead bird rise to the surface, while the curious animal was watching them with its head just out of water at a safe distance. Knowing that the bird is a fish feeder, I did not doubt that I could catch fish where he could. I found the place, and threw in my line, just where the darter fell; nor did I wait long; my little blue and red float disappeared from the surface. I had no reel, and the struggles that followed were decided by physical strength, in which science had no part; nevertheless, I think it would have delighted your piscatorial friend the "Angler," to have had a hand in it. I secured one green perch, known here as trout, weighing about four pounds, and lost my hooks. Returning to camp, I got a very large hook and stronger line, and landed fish enough for three days' consumption. At length my large hook gave out under the weight of a huge cat fish. More earnest fishing one will not often see. There were indications of rain, and I returned with my game just in time to wake up the camp guard, and protect our stores from a heavy fall of rain.

About three o'clock, the party who had been out returned, having been bewildered in the chapparel, denuded by thorns, and but for the instincts of Sechio, would not have been able to find the camp. They reported that the trail of a dozen horses had followed ours down to the bottom, when it was lost. Had the party been white men, they would have come into camp, as our waggon trail told who we were, and their avoiding us, after following it so far as to ascertain just where we were, made it cer-

tain that they were foes. It was determined to lose no time in effecting a crossing of the river. The stream is about one-third the size of the San Antonio, at the town of that name, but its channel is miry and destitute of a ford. The old bridge had been carried away, and it was necessary to construct one sufficiently strong to carry our horses over. An axe soon cleared away the young trees that had grown up in the way, and several, sufficiently long to serve as string-pieces, were prepared. A few hours more of daylight would have enabled us to cross to the high grounds of the west bank; but night set in with lowering clouds threatening rain. A good supply of dry wood was gathered preparatory to a wet night. A line was drawn between two trees, to which one edge of a pair of blankets was pinned, while the other was staked to the ground, to windward, to protect our heads, and a huge fire blazed at our feet. The horses were picketed in a semi-circle outside of the camp. I volunteered to stand the first watch, and when the last man had taken his place on the ground, I took my seat on a fallen tree, about one hundred yards beyond the horses, having them between me and the lights of our fire. The night was very dark, as dark as a rainy, moonless night might be, and the red glare of the fire on the surrounding trees, with the sparks reeling through the branches, made the darkness beyond and around more fearful. I thought to a certainty that the savages would make an attempt to steal our horses on the first opportunity, and my hand was constantly on my six shooter, and my eye was alternately peering into the blackness on one side, and surveying the dark outline that intervened between me and the fire on the other. The wind and rain increased, and about midnight it began to fall in torrents, without thunder or lightning. The cry of nocturnal beast and bird was hushed in the steady roar of the falling rain. I went to the fire to pile on a fresh supply of fuel. My companions slept soundly, and I resumed my station for another hour, when I called Sechio to relieve me, and lay down with my head on the meal-bag under the blanket, and was soon asleep. When I awoke I found myself enveloped in the blanket, which the wind had blown down, the water had extinguished the fire, and it was so dark that I could not tell the direction of the place where it had been. I called to Sechio, but he had abandoned his post, and taken refuge in the wagon. The torrents fell even more determined than before. Blankets offered no protection, but only weighed me down.

It had occurred to me when we came to this river, that the proper channel could hold but a small part of the water that must flow through it at certain times, and it seemed to me impossible that it could carry off even that which fell in our immediate vicinity now, and if this rain was as general as the length of time it had been falling, would lead us to think a flood was inevitable, but the utter helplessness of our position in such darkness kept me still, until Sandy spoke. "Is not this an awful rain," said he. "Yes," said I, "and I have been thinking what we shall do if the river overflows." "There is no danger; I have been camped just above this, when it rained for eight days, and it did not overflow." We

thought no more of Indians; no sane Indian would come into this bottom on such a night, and for myself I could not banish the conviction that there was great danger of being drowned before daylight. We know that the love of life is not equally strong in all individuals, but I do not remember ever to have seen a man who had not a choice as to the mode of his death. The thought of being drowned like a kitten, and floated away into an unknown wilderness, forced itself upon me with an appalling reality. I listened to the rushing of the water, and fancied myself striking out for some invisible land, grasping at shrubs and shadows as I was swept by, and longing for one gleam of daylight to reveal the true state of things about us.

This was bad enough, the low places were full of water, and the rubbish was drifting past us in a direction parallel to the river. We saw the brands of our last night's fire floating about us, our guns under water. Air bubbled up from the ground with a noise of rushing water. The horses were snorting with impatience and terror, floundering in the mud and water, and seemed to have a better conception of the danger which surrounded them than their masters. The Judge still slept, though the water was lifting each corner of his mattress. Sechio slept in the wagon, Antonio leaned drowsily against a tree, having not been fully awake. The time had come for some decided action. "We must get to higher ground," said I to Sandy, "or we shall all drown."

"There is no higher ground within three miles, and we shall have to cross several sloughs now full of water, and the horses will mire everywhere," he replied. The conclusion was, that when driven to it we must get into trees. The Judge was now fully roused, and having satisfied himself that the river had overflowed its banks, determined to make an attempt to reach higher ground. Word was given at once to saddle. Such things as had not yet floated away were placed in the wagon, and the latter was made fast to a tree, and we struck out each one as he got ready, Sechio leading the way; the water was now over the whole ground, and by floundering and swimming we reached the margin of the first slough. Here the flood had taken a short cut across the isthmus of the peninsula bend where we had camped, and I paused to see how Sechio managed to reach the opposite bank. Shouts of distress were heard in the rear, when presently Antonio's mule came swimming past without his rider. I endeavored to arrest him but he seemed to think it every mule's, as well as every man's, duty to look out for himself in emergencies like the present. One after the other we all reached the side where Sechio stood, and followed the road until we found land above water, when the horses were turned loose, and we sat down on our saddles, uncertain how long we could be permitted to rest here. The rain still poured down with unabated violence. We had neither food nor the means of getting fire; and each one sat under his blanket trembling with the long continued shower-bath that penetrated to our skin. Sechio, after rescuing his friend Antonio, went out in search of the trunk of a dead *yucca*, which contains a tinder dry at all times, and with the flint lock rifle he struck a fire, being protected by a

blanket held over him, and with great skill managed to get a fire started from the wet materials. Under its influence our apathy gave way, and we all set to work to collect fuel, which being piled up in a cone, one end of each stick resting on the ground, served to shed off the water. Thus we had an illustration of the superior resources of the untutored child of the woods to the science of the white man. The rain moderated about noon, and at four o'clock the sun showed us its face. But the water had surrounded us, and was within a few inches of our camp. Everywhere out of the old road the horses would sink down in the quicksand, and as well as ourselves were suffering for food. At night we cut bushes, and piled them around the fire to sleep upon. The next morning the sun came out warm, and the forenoon was spent in drying and cleaning such arms as we had brought away with us in our hasty flight. I had saved only my revolver, secured by a belt to my waist, and I am certain that I should not have saved it had I not forgotten that it hung there, so I took Sechio's flint lock rifle to find some animal in the same unfortunate situation as ourselves, to relieve the cravings of hunger. Sandy went out in another direction with the same object. At the distance of a few rods I found a fresh track of deer, and followed it for some time in its crooked trail, until it occurred to me that if I should lose my way in such an homogeneous thicket, where I had no elevated landmarks in sight, it would be a serious accident. I took out my pocket compass, and found a variation of at least 180°! I appealed to the sun, but had no conception as to the time of day, and could not tell whether it was in the right place or not. I listened for some noise from camp, for I could not have gone beyond hearing, I shouted—there was no response. In despair I pulled out my "life preserver," and tried to fire one after the other all the barrels, but the dull click of the hammer told me that the capsules were all spoiled. I had no alternative but to follow my own tracks back. This was not difficult, for the most part, as the ground was soft; at length I came to a place where my steps were double, and I soon made so many that I could not distinguish the primitive ones, and I was in despair, when I saw the smoke of our fire, and the Judge asleep under the shade of a blanket. Having corrected the compass, I took a fresh start, and succeeded in finding a multitude more of deer tracks beside those of turkeys, a black bear, and a large feline, probably the panther, and at length after great exhaustion, during which the compass was constantly trying to deceive me, I succeeded in returning safely to camp. Sandy arrived soon after with a large doe, and our apprehensions of starvation gave way as steak after steak was broiled on the coals and disposed of without salt. What remained was cut into continuous strips, and hung over the fire to dry for future use. We all felt well enough now to laugh, and Texas once more appeared as a "glorious country." It appears inconformable with the law of progress, that man should never be satisfied with his condition, and we had no sooner had a sufficiency of venison than we desired some salt on the next we ate. The next morning the river was reported fallen, and An-

tonio was to make the attempt to reach the wagon, and if possible bring off some small stores that were regarded as indispensable. He was a good swimmer, and he took the best horse. A bag containing bacon, another with cornmeal, another with coffee, and sugar, and salt, were to be brought out if possible. Sandy urged him not to forget the coffee and his box of cigars, the Judge wanted some tobacco that was in his carpet bag hanging on a tree. I had no request to make, my saddle-bags containing my instruments, collections, my sketch book, wallet, in fact all the valuables I had with me, I had seen placed on the seat of the wagon above everything else, and the worst that could happen to it was to get wet, and I had rather trust it there than with him. He had been gone for several hours, when we heard him shouting, and the horse snorting, as though nearly exhausted. The bushes prevented us from seeing what was passing, but Sechio ran to the aid of his friend, while Sandy followed the sound of the horse, which had reached one side of the flood, but was floundering among the thickets and bogs below the road. He was brought in with a remnant of the meal bag hanging to the pommel of his saddle. For a long time we heard the Mexicans struggling in the water, and at length Antonio came with the loss of his shirt and empty handed. "Where," said Sandy with consternation, "is the coffee?" "With your cigars," replied Antonio, pointing down the river. "Cigars!" said the Judge, "why did you overload him with your cigars!" The loss of the coffee was a harder blow than the loss of a horse would have been. It is almost the only luxury the woodsman knows. Soon after Sechio came up from an ineffectual attempt to recover the Judge's carpet bag. "Have you lost my carpet bag with my clothes, razors, maps, and everything?" and his mind seemed to be lost in taking an inventory of all the little articles of comfort it contained. "And you loaded him with your carpet bag too?" said Sandy, as he pulled off one of his shirts to give to Antonio. I laughed at the retort, although the next announcement was, that all the articles on the wagon seat were carried away by the upsetting of the same. The water subsided so rapidly that the next morning we visited the ground of our unlucky camp, and searched for the missing articles, but found nothing of value that could float. I picked up a living specimen of an *achatina*, that is new to me and rare here. The shell is about two inches long and pale white. I have occasionally met with the dead shell, but this was the first living one, and it is the only specimen of any kind that I have from our excursion.

We extricated our wagon, and had no alternative but to return with all despatch. We were glad to get on higher ground, and breathe purer air. The plains that were burned off, and were so sterile when we crossed them, were now green with the young shoots of grass. The quail was just revisiting the haunts where she had left her young brood to the flames, and the wild turkey ran like a thief with nothing to hide him from our eye. Wild horses had returned, and scoured the plain with mane and tail streaming in the wind, and deer

stood still quietly watching us, grey as the shadows of twilight that were gathering when we again reached our old camp on the Frio. I was surprised to find this river had not risen, but Sandy said the time for it had not come, and determined upon fording it that night, late as it was. I am informed that it rose soon after, and was not fordable for some days. We camped in a fine grassy valley, about a mile from the river, and Sechio came in soon after with a turkey. "Why," asked Sandy, "have you shot a setting turkey?" The boy replied, "what for she run?" It was a good change, poor as it was and saltless, from the dried deer meat. Two days brought us again to the rancho on the Medina, from which we started. Some time after our return, we learned that three days after we left the Leona, a party of twelve Lipans attacked the house of Westfall, or "Leatherstocking," two miles from our camp, and shot him through the lungs, and killed a guest. Westfall, after lying three days, dragged himself to Fort Inge, at the head of the river, thirty miles distant. There can be but little doubt that this was the same party that followed our trail, and the date of this attack corresponded with the time that it would have been possible to have crossed the river. J. D. B. S.

EARLY RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.

(From *Stones of Venice*.)

RENAISSANCE architecture is the school which has conducted men's inventive and constructive faculties from the Grand Canal to Gower Street; from the marble shaft, and the lancet arch, and the wreathed leafage, and the glowing and melting harmony of gold and azure, to the square cavity in the brick wall. We have now to consider the causes and the steps of this change; and, as we endeavored above to investigate the nature of Gothic, here to investigate also the nature of Renaissance.

Although Renaissance architecture assumes very different forms among different nations, it may be conveniently referred to three heads:—Early Renaissance, consisting of the first corruptions introduced into the Gothic schools: Central or Roman Renaissance, which is the perfectly formed style: and Grotesque Renaissance, which is the corruption of the Renaissance itself.

Now, in order to do full justice to the adverse cause, we will consider the abstract nature of the school with reference only to its best or central examples. The forms of buildings which must be classed generally under term *early* Renaissance are, in many cases, only the extravagances and corruptions of the languid Gothic, for whose errors the classical principle is in no wise answerable. It was stated in the second chapter of the "Seven Lamps," that, unless luxury had enervated, and subtlety falsified the Gothic forms, Roman traditions could not have prevailed against them; and, although these enervated and false conditions are almost instantly colored by the classical influence, it would be utterly unfair to lay to the charge of that influence the first debasement of the earlier schools, which had lost the strength of their system before they could be struck by the plague.

The manner, however, of the debasement of all schools of Art, so far as it is natural,

is in all ages the same; luxuriance of ornament, refinement of execution, and idle subtleties of fancy, taking the place of true thought and firm handling: and I do not intend to delay the reader long by the Gothic sick bed, for our task is not so much to watch the wasting of fever in the features of the expiring king, as to trace the character of that Hazael who dipped the cloth in water and laid it upon his face. Nevertheless, it is necessary to the completeness of our view of the architecture of Venice, as well as to our understanding of the manner in which the Central Renaissance obtained its universal dominion, that we glance briefly at the principal forms into which Venetian Gothic first declined. They are two in number: one, the corruption of the Gothic itself; the other, a partial return to Byzantine forms; for the Venetian mind, having carried the Gothic to a point at which it was dissatisfied, tried to retrace its steps, fell back first upon Byzantine types, and through them passed to the first Roman. But in thus retracing its steps, it does not recover its own lost energy. It revisits the places through which it had passed in the morning light, but it is now with wearied limbs, and under the gloomy shadows of evening.

It has just been said that the two principal causes of natural decline in any school, are over-luxuriance and over-refinement. The corrupt Gothic of Venice furnishes us with a curious instance of the one, and the corrupt Byzantine of the other. We shall examine them in succession. Now, observe, first, I do not mean by *luxuriance* of ornament, *quantity* of ornament. In the best Gothic in the world there is hardly an inch of stone left unsculptured. But I mean that character of extravagance in the ornament itself, which shows that it was addressed to jaded faculties; a violence and coarseness in curvature, a depth of shadow, a lusciousness in arrangement of line, evidently arising out of an incapability of feeling the true beauty of chaste form and restrained power. I do not know any character of design which may be more easily recognized at a glance than this over-lusciousness; and yet it seems to me, that at the present day there is nothing so little understood as the essential difference between chasteness and extravagance, whether in color, shade, or lines. We speak loosely and inaccurately of "overcharged" ornament, with an obscure feeling that there is indeed something in visible form, which is correspondent to intemperance in moral habits; but, without any distinct detection of the character which offends us, far less with any understanding of the most important lesson which, there can be no doubt, was intended to be conveyed by the universality of this ornamental law.

In a word, then, the safeguard of highest beauty, in all visible works, is exactly that which is also the safeguard of conduct in the soul,—Temperance, in the broadest sense; the Temperance which we have seen sitting on an equal throne with Justice amidst the Four Cardinal Virtues, and wanting which, there is not any other virtue which may not lead us into desperate error. Now, observe, Temperance in the nobler sense, does not mean a subdued and imperfect energy; it does not mean a stopping short in any good thing, as in Love or in Faith; but it means the power which